

THE
MAN OF PARTS:

OR,

A TRIP TO LONDON,

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE
ROYAL, CROW-STREET, DUBLIN, WITH
GREAT APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY ISAAC JACKMAN, Esq;

AUTHOR OF

“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE;—THE DIVORCE,
OR FASHIONABLE FOLLY, &c. &c.”

D U B L I N:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Patrick Prospekt,</i>	MR. DUNCAN.
<i>Tom, (his Son),</i>	MR. PALMER.
<i>Patt. Conolly,</i>	MR. OWENSON.
<i>Clack,</i>	MR. CHALMERS.
<i>Mr. Traffic,</i>	MR. MOSS.
<i>Shedrack,</i>	MR. BARRETT.
<i>Coachman,</i>	MR. DOWLING.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Traffic,</i>	MRS. HEAPHY.
<i>Miss Fanny Traffic,</i>	MRS. HITCHCOCK.
<i>Maid</i>	MRS. MURRAY.
<i>Orange Woman,</i>	MRS. BARRETT.

Servants, Mob, &c. &c.



THE
MAN OF PARTS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Scene—Corn-hill, London.—A number of people passing, Orange Girls, Pedlars, Jews, Hackney-Coach-men, &c. &c.

Enter *Sir Patrick Prospekt*, *Tom* his Son, and *Pat* the Servant, with a Portmanteau on his shoulder.

Tom. YOU seem fatigued, Sir?

Sir P. Fatigued; why then upon my soul I am weary enough, that's the truth of it. This same London is a mighty huge place; I have seen nothing but streets, and lanes, and shops, and coaches and mobs for these two hours.

Pat. An please your honor look at me, when I left Dublin I was as plump as a dumplin, but now at the seventh button I am as taper as your whip.—I've walked this day until my poor stomach calls out murder.

Tom. Sirrah, you shall dine presently. I fancy, Sir, we are near our journey's end: That must be the Royal Exchange; and as cousin Traffic lives in its vicinity, we shall soon find him out.

Sir P. Suppose Tom we axe some of these busy cratures here, where he lives?

Tom.

Tom. I'll enquire, Sir.

Pat. Sir, Sir, Sir, (*in a great hurry*).

Sir P. What the divil's the matter with you now, Pat.?

Pat. Look, an plase your honor, look, look.

Tom. Look at what, Sirrah!

Pat. Look your honor at that windie, there's a beef stake and a cold leg of mutton that would tempt the Pope to eat meat on a Good Friday.

Sir P. Hold your gibberish you blockhead, that belly of yours is a divilish trouble to you.

Pat. Trouble to me: Faith it is not an plase your honor, for I left it in Dublin. Ogh that's the place where a man could pop in and take a snack in a minit, if he had'nt a cross to bless himself.—Well give me little Dublin after all.

Tom. Honest fellow a word with you, (*to a Jew pedlar*).

Shedrack Solomons. Here's honest Shedrack—vil your honor plashe to buy a fine walking cane—vatch strings at half prishe:—Oh! you look like a very good shantlemans.

Pat. Don't spake to that nasty looking bagabone, your honor.

Tom. Begone, Sirrah:—Can you tell me, honest Shedrack, where Mr. Traffic the merchant lives?

Sir P. He's my cousin, Mr. Jew.

Pat. Yes, Mr. Smouch, he's our cousin.

Tom. Again, Sirrah.

Shed. A very fine pair of shilippers, your honor, you shall have them at your own prishe.

Tom. Plshaw, curse your slippers; answer me, do you know where Mr. Traffic the merchant lives?

Pat. Why don't you answer the gentleman, you black muzled bagabone.

Tom. I wish, Sir, you'd stop that fellow's mouth.

Shed. So then you won't buy from poor Shedrack, (*goes off crying his wares*) fine canes—very fine vatch strings.

Pat.

Pat. Tunder announs, your honor, let me whack that thief of the world.

Sir P. Be easy I bid you, Pat,—you'll be in Newgate before night, I see that.

Tom. Coachman!—Coachman!—

[*Side-scene.—A pretty girl with a basket of nuts comes up and touches Pat on the shoulder,—he drops the Portmanteau.*]

Girl. Buy some nuts, Sir.

Pat. Ogh how do you do my little crature ;—let me see all you've got.

Girl. Very fine nuts, indeed, Sir.

Pat. You have, indeed :—Give me one kiss, you sweet little divil, (*kisses her*).

Tom. I thought he lived near the Royal Exchange.

Coachman. I know his honor very well,—he lives near the postifies in Park-lane ;—his office is in that street, your honor, but his house is in Park-lane.—I'll tip your honor the long trot.

Sir P. Tom, we had better go in this fellow's coach ?

Coachman. I'll drive Paddy where he'll not find his way in a hurry, ha, ha—(*aside*).

Tom. Come, fellow, mount your box.

[*Exeunt Sir P. Tom and Coachman.*]

Pat. Oh ! what a thief that fellow must be to use such a dear, sweet, most divine little divil, in so barbarous a manner.

Girl. Indeed, Sir, he did, and then left me to beg my bread through the wide world. (*weeps*).

Pat. Well to be sure, myself's in a quandarie—I never cry but at the distresses of the dear cratures :—Ogh what a bagabone he must be.

Girl. A monster—a vile monster of a man :—This will do. (*aside*).

Pat. Arrah was he an Irishman ?

Girl.

Girl. O not he, Sir;—I wish he was :—No Irishman would treat a poor girl so wickedly.

(a side laugh).

Pat. Ogh I'm glad he was'nt an Irishman for the honor of the sod :—Give me another kifs for that—you most sweetest. *(kisses her).*

Shed. *(Touches Pat on the shoulder, while he is kissing the girl).* Buy a fine cane, good Shir.

Pat. O! tunder and fury, there's Smouch again :—Let me see you out of my fight or I'll——

(offers to strike the Jew).

Shed. That girl's a great rogue—she'll pick your pocket if you don't take care of her.

Pat. Here's a thief for you,—tells lies of sweet innocent cratures. By the cross of St. Patrick I'll bate you this moment as black as your muzzle.

(collars the Jew)

Shed. Murder!—murder!—murder!—*(a number of people gather, and seize Pat)* hold him, good peoples—hold him fast—bear me wituish—that fellow has robbed me of a bank note of fifty pounth. *(The girl in the riot runs off with the portmanteau).*

Pat. Ogh werra, werra, I rob you, you thief of the world :—Let me go :—Surely you don't believe that black, nasty——

Shed. I'll take ten thousand affidavits :—O you dog, I'll hang you as sure as I'm an honest man.

Mob. All laugh.

One of the mob. O its only a poor Irishman, let him go. *[Exeunt Mob and Jew.*

Pat. (solus) Well, I've got a pritty taste of London, and I'm not an hour in it yet. Ogh if I had that Jew bagabone in the Weaver's-square, to be sure I woudn't *(laugh)*—Arrah where the devil's my master. O tunder and fury, if I haven't lost the portmantle. Well to be sure, its all Dickey with me now :—I know no more where to go than if I was in the land of Egypt; yes, and farrh if I don't take

take care I'll soon be in the house of bondage.—O tunder, there's the Jew again, and a whole mob after him; may be they are coming after me—I believe I had better make myself scarce. O you damn'd dingy-faced thief. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A parlour—Mr. and Mrs. Traffic sitting at a table—Mrs. Traffic working with her needle—Mr. Traffic reading a news-paper.

Mrs. T. Is there any more news, my dear, about the Dutch?

(Mrs. Traffic speaks in a very sonorous tone, and deliberate pomposity).

Mr. T. Damn the Dutch.

Mrs. T. For shame, for shame sweeting, why are you so violent against the states of Holland—don't they form a great link in the chain of commerce—haven't I often told you.

Mr. T. Will you hold your tongue, Mrs. Traffic; haven't I often told you that a female politician is as ridiculous a sight as a man milliner.

Mrs. T. Oh ye powers! Mr. Traffic, Mr. Traffic; lay in a stock of political knowledge or you will be laughed at:—Read the news-papers, my love, read the news-papers.

Mr. T. Damn the news-papers.

Mrs. T. Defend me all ye gracious powers! Why on my soul, my dear, you are libellous. But read on, my love: Is there any balloon intelligence extraordinary?

Mr. T.

Mr. T. I wish you were tied to one of them with all my heart. (*aside*).

Mrs. T. Do you know, my dear, that I have a strong passion for a balloon, ha, ha. May I never write another line, but I'll undertake to mount, if you will be of the party.

Mr. T. You are too good, my love;—but you shall not catch me mounting, I assure you: However, Mrs. Traffic, if you are really in a longing condition, I have no objection to be at the expence of a balloon for you.

Mrs. T. Really!

Mr. T. Upon my soul I have'nt.

Mrs. T. Ha, ha, ha—the idea tickles me exceedingly, ha, ha:—Well then, I'll go to Ireland and be off with the gallant Crosbie, the next time he visits the celestials. But my lovee, would you trust me a mile in the air with a stranger—and an Irishman too?—ha, ha.

Mr. T. Ten miles in the air, Mrs. Traffic, he, he, he—(*jeers her*) and if that will not satisfy your longing, you have my consent to fly into another world, my duck, he, he, he—(*jeers her*).

Mrs. T. Say you so, Mr. Traffic; then as I am a woman, a little thing would tempt me; but stop lovee, suppose you was to hear of my being married in the moon, ha, ha—you would certainly drown yourself, my dear, when you heard of the wedding, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. T. I'll be damned if I would, my dove, he, he, he. (*jeers her*).

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Clack, Sir, is below stairs and requests to see you.

Mrs. T. Desire him to walk up instantly. (*Exit Servant*). Now I shall be entertained.—Mr. Clack is a man of parts, fit to entertain a woman of my breeding.

Mr. T.

Mr. T. A man of parts quoth'e;—a magpie—a fellow that has as much tongue, and as little sense, as a pet Mifs just come from boarding school. I'd rather breakfast in a chandler's shop the hottest day in July, than sit half an hour in his company; but here he comes—would to heaven I were deaf.

Clack—(without.) It's be joy to wound a lover.
(*Sings*)

Enter Clack.

Clack. My dear, my adorable Mrs. Traffic, I fly to kiss your hand. Mr. Traffic, yours as usual.

Mrs. T. Your presence, my dear Mr. Clack, gives me great pleasure.—I see, Sir, you've been taking your morning's ride.

Mr. T. Now for a torrent of lies and nonsense, (*aside*) an airing with the great folks, Charles, I suppose?

Clack. Charles, ha! you hear, my dear mam, what a familiar, shocking, diabolical beast your husband is; but you cannot help it, my dear mam, (*presents his snuff-box to her*) it certainly is no fault of yours.

Mrs. T. O Lord, Sir, there's no washing the blackamoor white.

Clack. Very true, my dear mam. Yes, Sir, a few turns in Rotten-row with Lady Betty Dumplin, the Hon. Miss Fidget, Lord Viscount Balderdash, Sir Nicholas Numskull, and a few others of the present geni:—A damned number of good things passed I assure you, slap dash, hit and hit, to it again, and so on for two hours by St. James' clock—'pon honor.

Mr. T. And pray now, Charles, how many of the good things were yours?

Clack. Charles again, ha!—A thousand, Mr. Traffic, all the replies were mine, 'pon honor, mam; and I flatter myself—but no matter for that.

(*takes snuff.*)

Mr. T.

Mr. T. You do flatter yourself, I most devoutly believe;—but as you say, Charles, no matter for that.

Mrs. T. Will you always be a Culiban, Mr. Traffic, no politeness.

Clack. Dear mam, why will you perplex yourself about this husband of yours? I beg mam—

Mr. T. Now is that coxcomb complimenting my foolish wife. The man who first introduced compliments, did more mischief in the world than the inventor of gun-powder. (*aside*)

Clack. Ha, ha, ha—Apropos, as I am a living being—ha, ha, ha:—Mr. Traffic, Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. T. What the devil's the matter with you now, Charles?

Clack. Tell me friend Traffic, don't you expect an Irish relation soon in London, ha, ha, ha?

Mr. T. I do:—and what then?

Clack. What then—I'll tell you—prepare to receive him, for he'll be here immediately I assure you, ha, ha.

Mrs. T. Really—we have expected Sir Patrick Prospekt, and his son, these two days. How came you to know it, my dear Mr. Clack?

Clack. I'll tell you, mam;—'pon my soul I can't avoid laughing, ha, ha:—You must know then, during my ride this morning in Hyde-park, a monster of a man, and a thing which I take to be his son, accosted me in the following manner: “Sur, can you tell me where my cousin lives?”—no really, replied your humble servant;—pray who is your cousin?—“Mr. Traffic, an please you,” said young Bruin, and with a brogue, my dear mam, that almost frightened my horse. I told the precious pair you was favoured with my acquaintance, friend Traffic, and directed them hither,—so that in all probability you'll see these foreigners in a very short time.

Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. Bless me, Mr. Traffic, I'll retire and prepare dinner for Sir Patrick.—Mr. Clack, yours eternally. [Exit Mrs. T.]

Clack. O dear mam. Well, friend Traffic, have you read my lines lately published under the signature of Jacky Wagtail?

Mr. T. Jacky Wagtail, mercy on me! (*aside*) not I indeed, I have no time to read about Jacky Wagtails.

Clack. No:—What a damned fellow is this I'm going to make a father-in-law of (*aside*). But come, Sir, as you are not a man of genius, we'll talk of business—Where's my adorable Fanny?

Mr. T. Very gallant truly, (*aside*). Fanny is above stairs.—I suppose you have heard, Charles, that young Prospect, from Ireland, is a great favourite with a certain great man, now on this side the water.

Clack. Yes, yes, I have heard Mr. Prospect hath views; but his friend is out, ha, ha—the ministry is changed, Sir;—you understand me. I must take care of this young Irishman, or my hopes in Traffic's family are lost for ever. (*aside*)

Mr. T. True—but he may shortly be in, you know;—another change will displace you, and settle young Prospect most effectually.

Clack. Ha!—So then I am to understand, Mr. Traffic, that a change of administration will instantly create a change of sentiments on your part.—The man who is PERMANENTLY provided for, I suppose weds Fanny.

Mr. T. You have hit it:—Places during pleasure, Charles, will not do for a settlement. But come my polished friend, tell me honestly, for upon my soul I never could find it out, how came you by your present office:—To my knowledge it is not two years since you could read.

Clack. I'll humour this old savage, (*aside*). How came I by my present employment—I'll tell you, friend Traffic—by sneering.

Mr. T.

Mr. T. By sneering!

Clack. By sneering—positively by sneering!

Mr. T. Foregad, Charles, you brought your sneers to a damned good market then.

Clack. Tolerable. (*hums a tune*).

Mr. T. And pray now, Charles, how long was you sneering yourself into place?

Clack. Completely done in two seconds.

Mr. T. The devil.

Clack. True as I am a gemmon and a man of honor.

Mr. T. Curse it that I never hit upon this way of making a fortune.

Clack. You, you, O hang it, ha, ha, no, no, papa;—you have not the features for it. Indeed you can laugh well enough, but nature never qualified you for a sneer. A fine meaning manufacture of features is above your cut, Mr. Traffic, I assure you. But come, you shall now know the whole;—be silent.

Mr. T. As the grave.

Clack. You must know that my friend and patron, Lord Squander, (who between you and me is a damned fool) expressed a wish, that I would leave the minories, and live in his family: I consented as you may suppose; and his lordship having an opinion of my genus, gave me a chair at his table, particularly when he had company who wished to be entertained with a good song, and the running small talk of the day. I was rather sheepish at first, but I soon got the better of that,—learned to talk English more properer than I used to do. In short, I soon became what the world calls a Gemmon—a Man of Parts—a Man of the World, and all that there thing. Unfortunately one day, no faith I mistake, fortunately, my patron invited a large company to dine with him, and I, Charles Clack, was to be of the party.

Mr. T.

Mr. T. No doubt—Mercy on me, Chaos is come again!

Clack. The conversation turned on politics, and his Lordship, who is damned fond of talking, ventured some foolish, ridiculous opinions, that were immediately knocked down by a young Cantab who was at table;—a youth of great understanding it must be confessed.

Mr. T. How do you know that, Charles?

Clack. Zounds sir, will you be silent? I am quite out—where did I leave off—(*considers*)—Oh, “great understanding, it must be confessed”—but then so confoundedly modest, that he always blushed when he spoke; a particular subject was started too deep for his Lordship, and here the noble Peer lost ground most shockingly in the opinion of the company; in truth the diffident Man of Parts was wholly attended to, which induced me to direct a look at him across the table.—Now mind, friend Traffic, the moment I caught his eye, a stroke of *genus* did the business, I tossed up my nose in a certain way, accompanied with a sneer of contempt, which so abashed the MODEST gentleman, that he appeared a perfect stick in company during the remainder of the afternoon—(*hums a tune*).

Mr. T. Well, upon my soul, Charles, you have astonished me.

Clack. Yes, I thought I should.

Mr. T. But don't you think there was a damned deal of impudence mingled with this stroke of *genus*, as you call it?

Clack. Impudence!—O fie, Mr. Traffic, call it fortitude, or rather a happy disposition of features.—In short, my Lord was so pleased with my abilities, that he instantly recommended me to his brother, who was then in office, as a young man perfectly qualified; and in six months after I was popt into a snug sinecure of 1000l. per ann.—So sir, you now have the rise and progress of my establishment.

Mr. T. I have heard it all—so it's a perfect sinecure, you do nothing for this 1000l. per annum, Charles!

B

Clack.

Clack. Nothing, no no, it's a snug thing—damn it, you citizens think, a man ought to work for his money—what *things* you are.

Mr. T. You are indeed a lucky fellow, Charles, you owe a damned deal to your face. What a scoundrel. (*aside.*)

Enter Mrs. Traffic, in a hurry.

Mrs. T. As I live, Mr. Clack, our Irish cousin and his son are just arrived in a hackney coach.

Clack. Now sir, you will be really entertained, ha, ha, the meeting of your husband, mam, and these blundering foreigners must resemble the friendly salutations of the Cherokees and Catabas, ha, ha.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Patrick Prospekt and another gentleman are below, sir. [*Exit Servant.*]

Mrs. T. Stand away, Mr. Traffic, and let me receive Sir Patrick and his son:—Your city manners must be very disgusting to strangers.

Clack. That's perfectly right:—Learn the graces, Mr. Traffic, from your Lady:—she is indeed—a great a fool as yourself. (*aside.*)

Enter Sir Patrick and Tom.

Mrs. T. Sir,—Is your name Sir Patrick Prospekt? (*with great solemnity.*)

Sir P. Upon my own soul, madam, you have hit it:—Is your name Mrs. Traffic, Madam?

Mrs. T. It is indeed:—Sir Patrick, you are welcome to London, I am heartily, very sincerely, and without any equivocation, or reservation, your most obliged, most obedient, and most devoted humble servant.

Mr. T. Ah kinsman, I am heartily glad——

Mrs. T. Heavens defend me (*in great agitation*) hold your tongue, I desire you, Mr. Traffic:—Dear Mr. Clack, keep the monster quiet, until I have done with the gentlemen:—Sir Patrick, we are relations altho'

alkho' we never saw one another before ; indeed I have longed to see you :—Pray Sir, is this gentleman your son ?

Sir P. His mother, madam, God rest her soul, often told me so.

Mrs. T. But why should I enquire, you are as like as two monkies ;—Sir, you are as welcome as your father ; command this house, Sir—command me, and command every thing belonging to me, Sir.

Tom. Your politeness, Madam,—distresses me exceedingly. (*aside.*)

Mrs. T. You are truly kind, Sir :—Now, Mr. Traffic, you may begin with your nonsense as soon as you please.

Mr. T. I am much obliged to you, my dear.—Sir Patrick, now my wife has done her salutations, give me leave to shake you by the hand.

Mrs. T. Gracious powers !—Do you observe Mr. Clack ?

Clack. Let the beast alone man—he is in very proper company. (*presents her with a pinch of snuff.*)

Mr. T. We expected you a day or two ago, Sir Patrick—is this your son ?

Sir P. That is Tom—he is a very honest fellow, tho' I am his father that say it.

Mr. T. Give me your hand, young gentleman—I am very happy to see you in London.

Tom. Accept my best acknowledgments, Sir.

Clack. Observe, my dear mam, how he paws young Bruin, ha, ha, what a damned trio they will make—ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. T. Sir Patrick, give me leave to introduce a particular friend of mine to your acquaintance.—This, Sir, is Mr. Clack, a gentleman of great merit, and uncommon delicacy.

Clack. Sir, I am superlatively happy at this introduction, I have often heard of Sir Patrick Prospect with rapture, but now I behold him with amazement.
(*winks at Mr. Traffic.*)

Sir P. I am much indebted, Sir, to your good manners, and I declare, altho' I never saw you before, I look at you now with astonishment, ha, ha.

Mr. T. Ha, ha—Ah cousin, that gentleman is the very pine apple of politeness, and as to his genius you may judge of it by his success; he got a thousand pounds a year by sneering.

Sir P. By sneering you say—Ogh, don't be after making a buggoge of me—well to be sure, ha, ha.

Clack. Ha, ha, (*half laugh*) O Sir Patrick, friend Traffic is a wag: My dear mam, din't I tell you what a damned, abominable——But Sir Patrick, don't you recollect to have seen me before?

Sir P. Don't I recollect to have seen you before, my dear:—Why then upon my soul I do not.

Clack. No:—recollect, Sir—recollect.

Sir P. Ogh, there's no use in troubling myself about the matter.

Tom. If I mistake not, Sir, you are the gentleman we saw in Hyde Park, and who directed us hither.

Sir P. Oh tunder and fury, was you the gentleman I saw riding about two hours ago?

Clack. The very man, Sir. Do you choose a pinch of snuff, Sir Patrick? (*gives him snuff.*)

Sir P. It's mighty good, have you got a pinch of Lundy Foot?

Clack. A pinch of what, Sir? Lundy Foot—do you hear, mam? (*winks at Mrs. Traffic*) Indeed, Sir, I am the very gentleman you spoke to in the Park.

Sir P. Well, who'd have thought it.

Clack. Why not, Sir?

Sir P. Why Sir, because upon my soul, you look'd very well a horse back—but now, ha, ha.

Clack. But what, Sir?

Sir P. Why, my dear crature (*smothers a laugh*) nothing at all.

Clack. Curse the beast, mam, he's worse than I imagined.

Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. Speak to the son, Mr. Clack, he seems more civilized than the old gentleman.

Clack. I shall, mam—observe—you will find a very bad edition of the papa,—mind mam, I beg of you, (*winks at her*) well, Sir, I hope your journey from Dublin was a pleasant one.

Tom. Very pleasant indeed Sir.—The country of England is finely cultivated, and the manufacturing towns through which I passed, are so many demonstrations of the great industry and wealth of the inhabitants.

Clack. (*winks at Mrs. Traffic.*) Pray Sir, how are affairs on your side the water? We have strange accounts of your countrymen,

Tom. I make no question, Sir, but you have received very erroneous accounts.—I often feel for human nature when I see falsehoods propagated with avidity, and received with such general satisfaction:—Let truth be told, and I shall have no occasion to blush for my countrymen.

Clack. Damn this fellow, he has more sense than I expected (*aside*). This city, Mr. Prospect, will afford you a round of pleasure; I suppose you touch the dice a little:—you understand me. (*winks at him.*)

Tom. I do understand you, Sir, but really I am so unfashionable that I never play. I have no desire to pick the pocket of any man, or to suffer the same villany to be practised on me.

Sir P. Well said Tom, I thank you boy for that saying.

Mr. T. Foregad cousin, I thought your son was quite a teague, I was told he was an absolute blunderer.

Clack. What the devil's the fellow at now, (*aside*). So Sir, you never play, mum (*whispers Tom.*) are you of age Mr. Prospect?

Tom. Not yet, Sir?

Clack. Then you are snug.—I'll give you a hint, but you mustn't tell old square toes (*whispers Tom*)—
 B 3 you

you may run in debt as much as you please—you understand me—mum—snug's the word.

Tom. I perceive your meaning, Sir, and am really shocked at it :—You tell me, that I may be a scoundrel with impunity. The hour, Sir, that steps me from infancy to manhood, I consider but a legal distinction—it might save me from a prison, but could not from shame.

Clack. I'm in a damned scrape here, where the devil did this fellow come from. (*aside*).

Mr. T. Friend Clack, lend me your ear (*whispers*) don't you think a few of your sneers would be of some service at present ?

Clack. Oh no (*half laugh*) this young gentleman's stock of sentiments will soon be exhausted, you'll soon see him in his native ignorance, mind me friend Traffic.

Mr. T. I will, I will, at it again Charles, ha, ha.

Clack. I suppose young gentleman, you have read all the authors from squire Aristotle, down to, to, to, Joe Miller ?

Tom. I have read a little, Sir.

Clack. And pray Sir, what author do you admire most ?

Tom. Shakespear, Sir.

Clack. What, honest JACK Shakespear.

Tom. No Sir, honest WILL Shakespear.

Clack. Oh aye—damm it, we shan't differ about christian names ;—but why, Shakespear, Sir ?

Tom. Because the great volume of human nature seemed to be laid open to him.—In my opinion, he possessed a greater portion of the *vivida vis animi*, than any other mortal.

Clack. (*In confusion.*) Well, but Sir, he stole a great deal from other authors ;—he pilfered most shockingly.

Tom. That has been said, Sir, by the defamers of our immortal bard, but I am of a very different opinion.—The same accusation was made against the ancients even in the days of Ovid.—I recollect an observation

observation of his strictly in point—speaking of the poets of his time, Ovid observes, “their works like the sea nymphs were known to be sisters, altho’ their faces differed.”

Clack. (*In confusion.*) Sea nymphs—sisters—Oh yes—I recollect, very well, indeed, Mr. Prospect—very well, (*half laugh.*)

Tom. The latin, Sir, is more expressive—*Facies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen qualem desset esse fororum.*

Mr. T. (*Runs up to Clack.*) Now friend Clack, direct one of your sneers at young Prospect, or you are gone.

Clack. Zounds, Sir, what is it you mean (*in a violent passion*). Mrs. Traffic, is not this treatment beyond endurance. Just as I was going to answer Mr. Prospect in, in, in, GREEK, and from that celebrated author Ben, Ben, Johnson, your husband interrupts me with his damned, foolish, ridiculous—but what can I expect from a ——

Mrs. T. Upon my word Mr. Clack, young Mr. Prospect does not appear to be the person you described, I must own that——

Clack. Zounds, mam, he has got a number of sentences by wrote, from old newspapers, and musty magazines.

Mrs. T. You are in a passion, Mr. Clack.

Clack. No wonder, mam, when he called you a damned old affected fool, *in Latin*.

Mrs. T. O-ho! Is that the case? I’ll shew him the difference, in a very short time, (*goes up in a very solemn manner to young Prospect,*) Sir, I am a foolish woman, it’s true, but I sometimes write a little as well as other people, my husband indeed is out of humour at it, and in one of his sagaries, a few days ago, cursed the poets with all the ignorance of a Change-alley broker.

Tom. I am sorry to hear it, Madam, was I law officer in the republic of letters, I would instantly file
an

an information against him in the Court of Apollo, and you should summon the muses on his jury.

(bows to her.)

Mrs. T. Upon my word, a very pretty thought, indeed, Sir, you are a very polite, elegant —

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, there's a strange out of the way man below stairs that enquires for Sir Patrick Prospekt.

(Exit Servant.)

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha, well to be sure—I'll lay my life it's Pat: We lost our man in the street, cousin, a few hours ago, and I suppose he has found his way to your house.

Enter Pat. *(His face and stockings very dirty, and one skirt of his coat torn off.)*

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Pat. Here I am, an please your honor.

Tom. Yes, I see you are—but how came you in such a condition Pat?

Pat. I am in a pickle, an please your honor, that's the truth of it.

Sir P. What have you been about—you imp of the devil?

Pat. Why, an please your honors, ladies and jantlemen, I am very apt to fall into love, and so, and so, I got boxing a jew for calling a sweet little crature bad names.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. T. You must forgive the honest fellow, Sir Patrick, as he was engaged in defence of the fair.—Come gentlemen, let me shew you up stairs.

Sir P. Will you honor me with your hand, Madam?

[Exeunt Sir Patrick, Mrs. Traffic, and Mr. Traffic.]

Clack. Sir, I must entreat *(to young Prospekt.)*

Tom. Sir, you must excuse me,

Clack.

Clack. Nay, Sir, I cannot stir an inch—(*Tom takes the lead*) Oh you damned (*young Prospect turns*) dear Sir. [*Exeunt Tom and Clack.*]

Pat. (solus)

Pat. Well to be sure, I am rather out of condition a little—if I get on in London for a week as I have begun, myself will be somebody that's *sartain*—Ogh what a sweet *crature* is coming this way.

Enter Biddy.

Biddy. You are the man I suppose my mistress desired me to shew into the kitchen.

Pat. I am the *jontleman* you *mane*.

Biddy. O, I beg pardon—well then Mr. Gentleman, will you condescend to go down and clean yourself.

Pat. Well to be sure, you are a more *diviner crature* than I have seen in all my travels.

(*goes up to her.*)

Biddy. What's the matter with the fellow? Will you come, I say?

Pat. Will I, ogh to be sure I wont—shew me into your bed chamher, my dear *crature*.

Biddy. The fellow is mad, I believe.

Pat. I am at present out of my senses, that's true, my dear little *divil*—will you honour me with your hand, Madam? that's like my master. (*aside.*)

Biddy. I'll humour this fellow—Sir, you do me an infinite favour. (*takes his hand.*)

Pat. Ogh Pat, I knew you'd do the thing handsomely with the ladies after all. (*Sings to the tune of Langolee.*)

Oh my sweet little *crature* you trip it so bonnily,
You'll soon make a captive of honest Pat. Connolly.

[*Exeunt Pat. and Biddy.*]

End of the First Act.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Scene a Gallery—Enter Clack and Fanny running—Clack in pursuit of her, she stands leaning against the side scene, as if out of breath—and Clack in the same situation on the opposite side of the stage.

Fanny. Bless me, how I am out of breath—follow me one step farther Mr. Clack, and may I never be married but I'll cry out.

Clack. Cry out my angel, not before your time, I hope—faith I am a little out of wind too ;—why, my adorable Fanny, you are as swift a foot as an Antelope.

Fanny. I fly like the innocent dove, from the pounce of the kite—Oh you are a very terrible man Mr. Clack—*(they advance towards each other.)*

Clack. You are indeed the emblem of innocence, but like the dove bring with you the olive branch,—let us have peace my Fanny, and with it love.
(offers to embrace her.)

Fanny. Don't touch me I desire you.—Do you know Mr. Clack, that I am absolutely afraid of you.

Clack. Afraid of me, my dear,—oh hang it—*(admires himself)* surely there's nothing very frightful in this appearance—look at that leg, mam—the fall of the shoulders—the smile—look at me altogether, Miss Fanny—pray do.

Fanny. Stand in that attitude, Mr. Clack, until I look at you attentively.

Clack. There, there mam—what do you think now ? Is n't my figure very horrible, Miss Fanny ?

Fanny. Why, I think you are a figure, indeed, ha, ha.

Clack. Yes, I imagined you would give up all thoughts of crying out as you call it.

Fanny. O Lord, I'm quite at rest, now I examine you.

Clack.

Clack. But come my dear Miss Fanny, let us be serious ;—look me in the face.

Fanny. There.

Clack. Plump in the face.

Fanny. There, there, will that do ?

Clack. Very well, do you know mam that I am most horribly, most shockingly, and most abominably in love ?

Fanny. In love, ha, ha, ha, well to be sure, I am so delighted with the news ;—but stop, Mr. Clack, perhaps you are in love with yourself.

Clack. Alas, mam ! Why suppose a thing so shocking, (*pretends to weep*) I am in love, it is true, but with a divinity, (*kneels*) in her the gods conspired to create perfection, and shew the world what beauty is above. (*attempts to rise*).

Fanny. Stop Mr. Clack, don't rise yet, ha, ha, can you imagine what you are like at this moment ?

Clack. Upon honor I can't tell—except a faithful weeping lover.

Fanny. A weeping lover, ha, ha, no, no, you are for all the world like my brother's setting dog, ha, ha, —just when he makes a stand at a partridge.

Clack. A setting dog (*rises*) mercy on me, my dear Miss Fanny, what could put such a damned simile into your head ?—A setting dog.

Fanny. Well, by gosh—I think you was just like Ponto, ha, ha.

Clack. Mam, I am yours and Mr. Ponto's very obedient :—But Miss Fanny, I see you are determined on my death—on my murder, mam.

Fanny. Me, me, Mr. Clack, upon my word I would not be the cause of your death for—a, a, a new gown and petticoat.

Clack. A what, mam, a new petticoat—why really Miss Fanny, that's very kind ;—but would you kill me for the whole world ?—Tell me that.

Fanny.

Fanny. The whole world, Mr. Clack—let me consider—O Lord, the whole world is a very large place—its worth a great deal of money, Mr. Clack.

Clack. O I see how it is (*walks up and down in a passion*) you have got that horrid importation from Ireland in the house—I see how matters are going already—but Madam, say this moment you will be mine—or by all the gods, you shall see me on the instant brainless on the floor.

Fanny. Why I see that at present, ha, ha.

Clack. Behold Miss Fanny, this pistol, (*takes out a pocket pistol*).

Fanny. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord—Well but tell me Mr. Clack, is that a pistol in good earnest?

Clack. Examine it, Madam, behold the fatal instrument—cock'd and prim'd.

Fanny. (*Examines the pistol.*) Well by gosh, it is a pistol—cock'd and prim'd you say.

Clack. Both cock'd and prim'd, as I am a gentleman.

Fanny. Well to be sure, that's shocking—O but tell me Mr. Clack, is it charged?

Clack. What a damned fool this is (*aside*)—charged, mam, why it has a brace of slugs in it.

Fanny. A brace, O la, a single one will do—well but is there any powder under the slugs?

Clack. Why, zounds, madam, I tell you yes, promise to marry me immediately, or I am a dead man—a dead, a dead man.

Fanny. O la, O la, (*goes up gently to him*) now Mr. Clack, hit yourself just there—(*puts her finger to his temple*) I would not have you linger a moment for the world—indeed I would not.

Clack. O ye powers! so then you are pointing to the very spot—but come here goes—

(*puts the pistol to his head.*)

Fanny.

Fanny. Stop, stop, Mr. Clack, until I get out of the way (*runs to the side scene*) now Mr. Clack, now, now, fire away, fire away.

Clack. (*Takes the pistol from his head.*) Why, what the divil, Miss Fanny, would you bear to see me bleeding, and for your sake too : does not the idea of my blood frighten you ?

Fanny. Don't talk, don't talk, Mr. Clack, but fire, fire, I beg of you.

Clack. Fire, fire—Well, but suppose I do not choose to fire.

Fanny. Ha, ha, ha, I thought so—you a lover, and would not shoot yourself—pshaw, a fig for you :—But I'll go this moment and marry young Prospect—(*going.*)

Clack. Stay, Madam, I desire you :—I'll see how far this little tit will go, (*aside*). Well then, since nothing but my death will satisfy you—here goes.—Farewell.

Fanny. Farewell, for ever—(*pretends to weep.*)

Clack. O you're damn'd tender hearted, (*aside*). A long farewell, thou cruel fair one :—But remember, Fanny, my ghost will haunt you nightly.

Fanny. O Lord, you don't say so :—In what shape will you appear, Mr. Clack ?

Clack. In the shape of a bull, mam—with horns, damned large horns.

Fanny. O you mistake—your ghost can't wear horns, because we were not married, you know.

Clack. I can bear it no longer—now for it—(*claps the pistol to his head*) farewell.

Fanny. O Lord, we took leave before :—You're a long time about it.

Clack. Farewell.

Fanny. What, again.

Clack. (*Snaps the pistol—it flashes in the pan.*) Mercy on me what an escape—the pistol missed fire, 'pon honor.

C

Fanny.

Fanny. O Lord, that's only a flash in the pan—that won't do for me.—Try again, Mr. Clack.

Clack. Try again—no damn me, madam, if I do.—It's the first time I ever tried to shoot myself, and I'll take care it shall be the last. (*Walks the Stage in a passion*).

Fanny. O here is somebody coming, I must be off. Good by Mr. Clack.—O fie, a flash in the pan.—Good by—good by—ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

Clack (solus).

Well to be sure, this little girl is past all endurance—she would have seen, had I charged the pistol, a brace of flugs pierce my nob, with as much pleasure as she'd sit in a side box at a new play. 'Sdeath I'll have her, if I turn the little gypsey out of doors the morning after we're married.—(*Considers*). Foregad I have a scheme will do, if this Irish fervant be not a fool. I have an uncle in Ireland, who, I am told, is a pedlar—I never saw the fellow, but I'll try, on the present occasion, if I cannot turn my relation to some advantage.—I want this fellow Pat. to represent—O here he comes.—

Enter Pat.

Clack. How do you do—how do you do—what's your name my honest fellow?

Pat. My name, Sir;—why, Sir, my name's Pat. Connelly, at your sarvice.

Clack. Pat. Connelly; oh, oh, a very good name, Mr. Pat. Connelly. You came from Ireland lately with Sir Patrick Prospekt, I believe?—

Pat. You may say that, Sir;—I'm a little more smartish now, than when you saw me before, an plase your honor.

Clack.

Clack. *Much more cleaner*, indeed :—How do you like London, Pat ?

Pat. How do I like London, Sir :—Faith not at all :—They may abuse poor Dublin as much as they please, but upon my conscience, this same London is more *wickeder* by half.

Clack. Oh, you'll be reconciled to London presently.—You'll get a wife, Pat. in this town :—Irishmen pick up fortunes immediately, when they come here.

Pat. Why then I'am told, an please your honour, the dear *cratures* in this town are mighty fond of us Irishmen.—But ogh, it was I that had the pretty little thing of my own in Dublin.

Clack. Really !—A pretty little thing you say.

Pat. Oh to be sure *she* wasn't.—Ogh, give me little Juggy Flannigan against the world :—Did your honor know Juggy ?

Clack. No ; I had not that pleasure :—But why did you leave her, Pat ?

Pat. I'll tell your honour ;—but you won't *spake*, will you ?

Clack. Not for the world :—I'm quite close.

Pat. Well then, I believe you're my friend.—*(Whispers Clack)*—Why you must know, your honour, Juggy swore a child to me.

Clack. The devil !—A whole child.

Pat. Upon my own soul *she* did :—But the best of the joke was, that I soon discovered it to be Kit the fidler's.

Clack. Kit the fidler's ?

Pat. Don't speak so loud, your honor.—Aye, Kit the fidler's.

Clack. How did you discover that ?

Pat. Why, you must know, Kit had a wooden leg, and the child came into the world with a wooden leg on it.

Clack. Ha, ha, ha:—What, the child born with a wooden leg; ha, ha;—what a discovery.—But tell me, Pat, have you any inclination to make your fortune?

Pat. Make my fortune:—Well, I never had a greater mind to do any thing, than to make my fortune.

Clack. It shall be done, Pat:—Now mind me,—and keep your own secret.—I want you to represent an old Irish uncle of mine, and to visit Traffic and his wife, as my relation, who lately came from Dublin.—My plan is to marry the daughter, and the old rascally father will not consent, unless I have a good estate in possession.—Now, you shall promise to settle one upon me, on the wedding day;—and as an earnest of my regards for you, honest Pat, there's five guineas in hand.—(*Gives him money*).

Pat. Thank you, Sir:—But how the *devil* can I settle an estate upon you?—Upon my soul that's rather too much upon the brogue;—ha, ha.

Clack. Zounds, can't you chat about some place in Dublin;—settle any gentleman's estate—no matter whom:—Why, I think, Pat, you're a very good actor.

Pat. The *devil* a better in England or Ireland.—Ogh, I'm a dead hand in Tragedy.—But we're all out, it's all flummery; sure my master will know me *immediatly*.

Clack. Your master shan't see you:—I'll introduce you only to old Traffic, and his foolish wife;—and when you are disguised, they'll no more know you, than if you came from Japan.

Pat. Oh what a thief of the world this is;—but I'll humour the joke, (*aside*). Well, I'll do it, I'll settle half the city of Dublin upon you.—Have you a dress for me?

Clack. A complete one at my lodgings:—Come along.

Pat. Well, but now——(*talk as they retire*).

Enter

Enter Servant, meeting Mr. Traffic.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Clack is below stairs, and wishes to speak with you.

Mr. T. Shew him up;—we shall be diverted with his nonsense.

Serv. Sir, he desired me to tell you, he cannot wait upon you here, as he wishes to have some conversation with you in private.—There's an elderly gentleman with him.

Mr. T. Very well;—shew them into the parlour:—I shall be down presently. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

A parlour:—Enter Pat, disguised as an old man;—and Clack, introduced by Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master will be down presently.

Pat. Very well, young man, we'll stay till his fidling's over. *[Exit Serv.*

Clack. Now, my honest fellow, let me see you perform your part well:—Your fortune's made I promise you.

Pat. Never fear me:—I'll do your business, depend upon it—*(aside)*. But let us see;—what place shall I settle on you?

Clack. Zounds, haven't you thought of that yet:—Why, you know Dublin perfectly;—say any place.—Damn it; I'm afraid you'll bungle the business after all.

Pat. Ogh, my dear *crature*, don't bother me.—Well now, I tell you what I'll do;—I'll settle all the west side of Dirty-lane, in Thomas-street, upon you.

Clack. Damn Dirty-lane;—the very sound would destroy the whole.—Think of a better name, Pat.

Pat. What do you think of forty or fifty houses on the Pottle?

Clack. Pottle!—Damn it, worse and worse:—Fire and fury, can't you think of a polite name.—Are these places at the court end of the town?

Pat. Not quite.—Well then, I'll tell you what; I'll settle the New Custom-House upon you, and your heirs for ever and ever.

Clack. Why, that may do.

Pat. Yes, yes; but I must have two guineas for the Custom-House.

Clack. Why you damned rascal—

Pat. What—(*speaks loud*). Why you *bagabone*, give me the two guineas this moment, or I'll blast —

Clack. (*Stops his mouth*). O thou—no matter—here's the money—O damn your—

Pat. Very pretty, indeed, to refuse two guineas for a building that cost the nation a million of money!—Now suppose I let you have the Duke of Leinster's estate, in the county of Dublin?

Clack. Aye, aye; the Duke's estate will do.—That's quite the thing, my honest Pat.

Pat. Yes; but I must have five guineas for the Duke's park and lands.

Clack. Why, what the devil are you about now? more money—

Pat. Out with your purse this moment, or by the book, I'll blow you from the kitchen to the garret.—What, you won't then:—I tell you, Mr. Clack—(*speaks loud*.)

Clack. (*Stops his mouth*.) Here, here; take all the money in my pocket, you son of a whore.—What a situation am I in!

Pat.

Pat. Well then, since you have given me all you have got, I'll throw you in a bit of Sackville-street, and all the Lying-in Hospital, into the bargain.

Clack. That's a good fellow.—O here comes old Traffic: Now mind you damned dog.

Pat. O tunder an nouns, what is my name?—Call me Mr. Patrick O'Shocknefey.

Enter Traffic.

Clack. Mr. Traffic, I waited upon you for the purpose of introducing my uncle to your acquaintance; a gentleman you have heard me so often speak of with reverence and esteem: He is just arrived from Ireland, Sir; and never was in England before.

Pat. Bad look to me, Sir, but this is the first day I ever saw London.

Clack. Hold your damned vulgar tongue—(*aside*). Mr. Traffic, this is Patrick O'Shocknefey, Esq; of Clod Hall, in the county of Dublin.—Uncle, this is Mr. Traffic, a gentleman of great credit upon Change; and father to the mistress of my affections.

Mr. T. Sir, you are welcome to London.

Pat. Sir, I am, as in duty bound, your most humble servant.

Clack. Damn your duty bound.

(*Pulls him by the sleeve*).

Mr. T. Will you do me the honor to step up stairs, Mr. Shockfey, there's a countryman of yours above, who is also newly arrived; and who, I make no doubt, you would be glad to be acquainted with. Pray, Sir, walk up stairs.

Pat. No, Sir; I'd rather stay below stairs, if you please.—Pray, Sir, what name is upon the gentleman?

Mr. T. His name, Sir, is Prospect, a very old Baronet:—Sir Patrick Prospect, of Mount Prospect.

Pat.

Pat. Sir Patrick Prospekt, ha; I never heard of the gentleman before: He may be a very honest man, for aught I know.

Mr. T. An honest man, Sir;—I believe my relation's integrity was never questioned, Sir.

Clack. Ha, ha; O Lord, Mr. Traffic, be not out of humour at my uncle's manner; he only means to say, that he is not fond of making new acquaintances, that's all. O what a damned scoundrel.

(*To Pat.*)

Mr. T. That may be; but Mr. O'Shocksey, will you favor me with your commands?

Pat. O Sir, if you're good at that, with all my heart, (*appears displeased.*) Well then, Sir, I came to tell you, that provided my nephew honors your family—yes, Sir, honors your family, by accepting your daughter, I'll make a *settlement* upon him:—Yes, Sir, a very pretty *settlement*.

Mr. T. That's very kind, indeed, Sir; and pray, Sir, give me leave to ask the amount of the settlement you propose.

Pat. The amount, Sir; is that what you mean?

Mr. T. Yes, Sir; that's just what I mean.

Pat. Oh, Sir, I understand you.—Why then, Sir, I'll settle 40 or 50 pounds a year upon him, during his breath.

Mr. T. The devil!—Upon my word, a very weighty donation; ha, ha, ha.

Clack. Fire and fury:—Oh you damned rascal. (*to Pat.*) My uncle is only joking, he is a very whimsical old gentleman; ha, ha. Why, Sir, he promised, not an hour ago, to settle a thousand pounds a year upon me, provided I married Fanny.

Mr. T. A thousand pounds a year!

Clack. Yes, Sir; a plump thousand.

Mr. T. Foregad that's quite a different thing.

Pat. Ha, ha; I can't help laughing; but, Sir, I'll be *serus*. Mr. Traffic, Sir, when my nephew, this ill-favoured relation of mine, is tacked to your daughter,

daughter, do you see; damn me if I don't fettle twenty thousand pounds a year upon him; and if that won't do, I'll double it.

Mr. T. What, Sir? What do you say? 20,000 pounds a year: O Lord, that's a jump with a vengeance; ha, ha.

Clack. Hell and the furies.—O you infernal son of a whore, (*to Pat.*)

Pat. Yes, Sir; either 50, or 20,000; it's all one to me.

Mr. T. Damn me, but I begin to think so. Pray, Sir, in what part of Ireland do your estates lie?

Pat. In all parts, Sir:—From the Lake of Killarney to the Giants Causeway.

Clack. Stop, stop, you villain, or I'm undone,
(*aside to Pat.*)

Pat. Hold away, you impudent rascal, what do you pinch me for, you *bagabone*.—Sir, Mr. Traffic, half Dublin belongs to me: The New Custom-House,—Sackville-street,—The Lying-in Hospital,—Leinster-House,—The Coal-quay,—A wing of Dirty-lane; and the Poddle altogether.

Mr. T. Sir, these may be very valuable places, for aught I know; but—

Sir P. Prospect (behind.) Pat, (*calls very loud.*)

Pat. Sir;—(*answers.*) Hell and the devil, I mistook. O it's dicky now, indeed, with us.

Mr. T. It's only my friend, Sir, calling for his servant.

Clack. O Lord; ha, ha, (*half laugh, in great confusion*) Oh, dear uncle, don't be agitated; it's only Sir Patrick, calling for a rascally servant of his, one Pat, a drunken rogue.

Pat. Damn it, you lie, you dirty dog you.—Isn't it Pat Connelly, I am sure it is; why you flevven *bagabone*, Pat is a worthy fellow, and lived with me more than 30 years: And how dare you *spake* ill of the honest man, you.—The *devil* burn me, Mr. Traffic, if I'll fettle upon this dolly of a fellow, as much

much property as would mortgage for a pair of breeches.—You may now, Mr. Clack, go and marry Moll Smouch, if you will.

Mr. T. I'm forry, Sir, to see you so agitated; be calm Sir, I beg of you.

Pat. Be calm Sir; damn me, I have a great mind to kick the scoundrel.

Enter Sir Patrick Prospekt, Tom, Mrs. Traffic, Fanny, Man and Maid Servant; all in amazement.

Mrs. T. My dear, what's the matter? We heard a noise.

Mr. T. Sir Patrick, I'm glad you're come.—Faith I cannot make out the cause, but this old gentleman's very testy; he is uncle to Mr. Clack, but they do not seem to agree perfectly.—This gentleman, cousin Prospekt, is Patrick O'Shockfey, of Clod Hall, in the county of Dublin, Esq.

Pat. Oh tunder an nouns, what shall I do now, Mr. Clack?

Clack. Brazen it out, brazen it out; he'll not know you.

Pat. Sir, I am mighty glad to see you. (*Shakes hands with Sir Patrick*).

Sir P. Upon my word, Sir, I never heard of you before; but as a countryman, I'm very happy to see you well.

Clack. It will do, it will do; keep it up, Pat.

Mr. T. Sir Patrick, this gentleman comes to propose a marriage between his nephew, Mr. Clack, and my daughter.

Fanny. Oh what is it I hear! Save me, Mr. Prospekt, I beg of you, (*to Tom*)

Mr. T. But, as his estates are in Ireland, where I have never been, will you favour me so far, as to enquire of Mr. O'Shockfey, where his lands lie:—I shall be determined by your report.

Sir P.

Sir P. With all my heart, cousin. Pray, Sir, in what part of Ireland does your property exist?

(Clack and Pat in great confusion).

Pat. Sir—where—how—what part—estates—Sir, I don't understand to be talked to in such a strange, out of the way—

Clack. Upon my word, this is past all sufferance; what, Mr. Traffic, do you mean? Is my uncle, a man of such great property, character and consequence, to be brought to book by a stranger: I wonder, Sir, you did not desire him to produce his rent roll. Uncle, let us retire, for my part I have done; rat me, ladies and gentlemen, I am most sincerely yours; ha, ha, *(half laugh)*. Come let us quit this curious mansion; ha, ha, *(half laugh)*.—Come, nuncle,—nuncle, come along,—come along.

Tom. *(goes up to Clack)*. I desire, Sir, you will retire, without any more of those fooleries: You understand me. *(points to his sword.)*

Clack. Understand you:—No, Sir, I don't understand you, Sir.

Pat. Yes, but I do. Now, nephew, you shall see me put myself in a passion.—Damn it, Mr. what do you call him, how dare you. *(very loud to Tom).*

Tom. Sir, I can't talk to you. *(looks him in the face, and then stands amazed.)* What is it I see? Look me in the face, good Sir: By heavens it is; *(lifts Pat's wig off.)* ha, ha. Confound me, Sir, but this Squire O'Shockneysey is our Pat; ha, ha, ha.

All. *(Loud laugh).*

Pat. Let me get away, Sir, from that bagabone, or he'll stick me. *(runs to the opposite side of the Stage).* Well, here I am, Mr. Clack.

Clack. Angels and ministers of grace defend me! What! has that rascal imposed upon me too: Why, ladies and gentlemen, I never had seen my Irish uncle, and therefore easily became a dupe to the scoundrel's villany.

Pat. O you thief of the world; keep him off, keep him off, and I'll tell your honors the whole story.

All.

All. Hear him, hear him.

Pat. See, see what a bloody look the fellow has. Why then, upon my own soul, he gave me just twelve golden guineas, to settle the Duke of Leinster's estate, and a few streets in Dublin, upon him; and all this for the purpose of imposing upon you, Mr. Traffic, and to marry your daughter. I was to be his uncle: Well to be sure, what a humbug; ha, ha. Indeed it is true, I undertook the job, but it was only to shew the gentleman in his proper colours.

Clack. Let me destroy the villain: Let me at him. *(they hold him.)* What, all of you in a plot against me. Was ever a man of fashion used thus, and by a city put too: A put, damn me.

Mrs. T. Stop, ladies and gentlemen, let me speak, who can speak. I desire, Mr. Clack, you will leave my house, I am quite ashamed of you, Sir.

Tom. Give me leave, madam, to say a few words to this gentleman.—Sir, I am sorry to find that a peer of this realm, could be found so wanting in duty to his country, as to bestow an employment that ought to be the reward of genius and integrity, on a—

Clack. On a silly fellow, I suppose you would add, Mr. what do ye call him.

Tom. No, Sir, I would say,—on a buffoon and a villain.

Clack. What, Sir. *(in a passion).*

Tom. None of your tiger looks, Sir, if you wish to escape chastisement. Begone this moment! Begone, I say.

Clack. Begone you say, Sir. *(views Tom with an air of contempt, and then views himself with ease and satisfaction.)* Allons, Monsieur, Allons. *(Sings.)* None but the brave deserve the fair.

Fanny. Stop, Mr. Clack, where's your pistol, —cocked and primed, damme. I beg you'll not hit yourself there; *(points to his forehead)* ha, ha, ha.

Clack. *(Looks at her with indifference, and sings)* None but the brave deserve the fair. *[Exit Clack.]*

Mr. T.

Mr. T. Sir Patrick, you have been witness to a very curious scene, on the first day of your arrival; but, my worthy friend, as it may serve to entertain you, and improve the young folks, I am pleased with the detection of this fellows villany.

Sir P. Upon my conscience, I begin to think, that London is not as honest a place as I thought it.

Mr. T. There are fools and knaves in all countries, my good friend: Judge not too hastily of the people of England; they are like your own countrymen, brave, faithful, generous and just; with hands "open as day to melting charity." Let us retire, my friend, and after having banished vice and folly, let us agree to unite in this pair—virtue and good sense.

THE END.

